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THE ASIANADIAN

AN ASIAN CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Asianadian Aims:

1) To find new dignity and pride in being Asian in Canada.
2) To promote an understanding between Asian Canadians and other Canadians.
3) To speak out against those conditions, individuals and institutions perpetuating racism in Canada.
4) To stand up against the distortions of our history in Canada, stereotypes, economic exploitations, and the general tendency towards injustice and inequality practised on minority groups.
5) To provide a forum for Asian Canadian writers, artists, musicians, etc.
6) To promote unity by bridging the gap between Asians with roots in Canada and recent immigrants.

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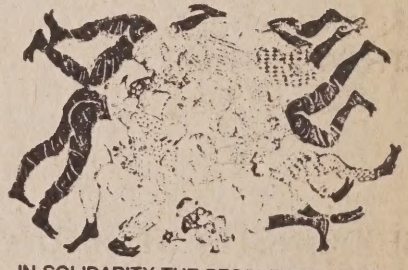

IN SOLIDARITY THE PEOPLE WILL WIN!

NARITA AIRPORT STRUGGLE: The Fifteenth Year

The 1981 Sanrizuka Calendar is ready at last! The artwork is by Maruki Toshi, an artist of International reputation best known for her paintings of Hiroshima, Auschwitz, and the Nanjing Massacre. The conception and layout are by Awazu Kiyoshi, the well-known designer. The Sanrizuka Calendar is a people's calendar. It records the fifteen-year struggle of the Sanrizuka farmers and their supporters to prevent the construction of the new Tokyo International airport (Narita.)

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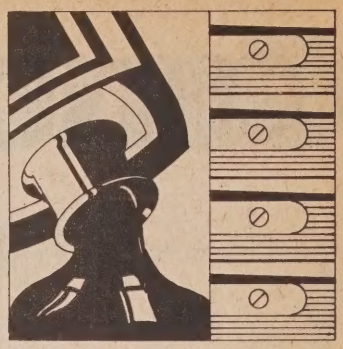
Editorial



This issue marks the third anniversary of *Asianadian*. We created this magazine three years ago with an aim to provide a forum for Asian Canadians to voice their opinions, to express their talents, and to use it as a means to build up a common understanding among ourselves. To put it in a humble manner, we have succeeded in fulfilling this aim partially.

For those of you who have been reading *Asianadian* for the past three years, you may note the diversity of articles, poems, stories, art works, etc. which had been put forward in our magazine. They may be sarcastic, humorous, angry, bitter, serious, ... but they nevertheless represented the views and feelings of some Chinese, Filipinos, Indians, Koreans, Japanese, and South Asians. They may not agree with each other and, in some cases, actually oppose one another. Informally, some readers have told us that we do not have one line of thought. Indeed, we do not. Asian Canadians have various cultural heritages and class backgrounds, and it is not surprising that we have different perspectives. Furthermore, our level of consciousness is not the same and consequently, our proposals for social change are diversified. We cherish such diversity but, at the same time, we hope that we can come to an understanding of each other and are able to stand with each other on a common front in fighting against racism and other forms of social injustice.

There are two things which we still regret even after three years of existence : First, we feel that we have not quite make an inroad into the Filipino and Korean communities. Articles from them are rare. Second, we have not been able to convince Asian Canadians to stand with each other to fight against social injustice. Maybe three years is not long enough to see any change of this magnitude. Maybe, we have not done enough in these areas.

The fragmentation among Asian Canadians is distressful. We tend to mind our own business. For example, when the anti-W5 (CTV) campaign was launched a year ago to fight against racism in the media, hardly any South Asians or Japanese were involved in it in great depth. It was misconceived as a "Chinese" issue. When Indians were harassed by the whites or mistreated by the authority, no Chinese or Koreans openly spoke against them. It was, again, misperceived as an "Indian" problem. When the Filipinos were fighting against the exploitation of domestic workers from Philippines, we hardly saw any other Asian Canadians involved in the fight. Again, we tend to view that it was a "Filipino" concern. These are only a few examples, but they summarize pretty well the levels of consciousness among Asian Canadians at this stage of history. This, we hope, will be changed.

Some Chinese still talk of the "stinky" smell of curried Indian food. Some South Asians still complain of the "self-induced" segregation of the Chinese. Some Japanese still see the Indians as "too vocal" and "too outspoken". There is a lot of prejudice in the world of Asian Canadians.

Where do we learn all these prejudices? Are we repeating what the media or other people have said about us? What is the value of these prejudices on the social interactions among ourselves? Why do all these biases persist? What can one gain in having these distorted views on other people? How do they serve the dominant majority groups? These are some of the questions we have to ask ourselves seriously.

Asianadian, by itself, cannot effect any significant social change. We are the struggling few who try, in our small ways, to show people that Asian Canadians are not docile and dumb -- we have talents, abilities, feelings, and spirits. Social change which removes prejudices and social injustice requires the assistance of, not only Asian Canaadians, but also other concerned individuals and organizations. We need your help. If you subscribe to our spirit of fighting against social injustice, tell people about our magazine, contribute articles, stories, etc., and donate money generously to help us to continue our work. The continuation of *Asianadian* depends on YOU.

CHINESE PIONEERS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

by Margaret Chang

The following article is reprinted with persmission from the author. It first appeared in The Evening Telegram, *St. John's, Newfoundland, Saturday, Feb. 11, 1978.*

Although the Chinese have been in Newfoundland for more than three-quarters of a century, most Newfoundlanders know very little about them.

This is an account of the first decade of the Chinese in Newfoundland, from the year they first 'discovered' Newfoundland to the year when Newfoundland copied the restrictive anti-Chinese legislation on the books in Canada.

It should also be remembered that at the time Newfoundlanders were an isolated group of people, and that even people of 'their own kind' had ceased to immigrate in any substantial numbers. Thus, when the Chinese arrived, totally different from the Newfoundlanders, both racially and linguistically, many fears were raised. And in a community where poverty and unemployment were widespread, the appearance of large groups of these strangers was bound to deepen existing fears.

It should be apparent from the following that the attitudes of both groups have changed substantially. The Chinese have become a true, if somewhat small, facet of Newfoundland life.

According to the oral histories of members of the community, the first Chinese to arrive in Newfoundland was Fong Choy from one of the villages of Hoi Ping district in Canton (Kwangtung -- editor) province in southern China.

The story goes that Fong Choy was very adventurous as a young man. After leaving China, he managed to board a ship for England and then set out for Canada --- to Montreal and Halifax. In all these places it is believed that he set up laundries, sold them to others, and ever restless, moved on to new opportunities.

Leaving Halifax, he decided that Newfoundland presented yet another economic opportunity. He arrived in St. John's where he set up a laundry. Restless again, he brought in a relative to run it on a long-term basis and set out for Bermuda where the Fong family became very powerful. It is in this way that the descendants of Fong Choy who reside in Newfoundland are thought to be related to the Fongs of Halifax and Bermuda.

The above story is very intriguing, for versions of it show Fong Choy as a somewhat larger-than-life figure, the sort of hero who is often mentioned as the founder of a community.

The first documented evidence of the Chinese presence in Newfoundland is the appearance in two rival St. John's newspapers of advertisements about the opening of a Chinese laundry at 37 New Gower Street on August 24, 1895. Both ads announced "Sing Lee and Co. Chinese laundry will be ready to receive work on Monday at their laundry, 37 New Gower Street, corner Holdsworth Street." The ads ran in the papers three times during the following week and the laundry was apparently fairly well launched.

The exact identities of the very early individuals is somewhat vague although Fong Choy is definitely one of the very first. This is substantiated by his stories told while he was visiting Newfoundland during the early thirties. Mr. William Ping remembers him well. In the book *Notable Events in Newfoundland History*, he is mistakenly

entered as Tong Toi. That entry states "The first Chinamen in the country, Tong Toi and Wang Chang, opened the first laundry on Aug. 24, 1895."

The identity, the proper Chinese name, etc. of Wang Chang is still unknown. There seem to be no memories of Wang Chang, while Fong Choy (that is, Tong Toi) is very well remembered. This is in spite of the fact that since Fong Choy moved on after a short time, Wang Chang may have been the one to build up a solid business on the initial start made by Fong Choy. The laundry and premises at the corner of Holdsworth Street and New Gower Street remained a Chinese stronghold for years.

At present little is known of the consolidation of the early efforts of Fong Choy and Wang Chang. The two episodes that are available up to 1900 are both unhappy ones. They both refer to friction with idle locals and to a vigorous Chinese reaction in self-defence.

The first episode was in the fall of 1897, about two years after their arrival. On Sept. 21, the Chinese reacted to continuing aggravation through name-calling and petty vandalism by local youths.

The report in the *Evening Herald* was not unsympathetic to the 'celestials' : *"The Chinese here now are not to be tampered with and unless the police put a stop to the petty persecution of them a fatality might be possible. Crowds of urchins assemble round their premises and torment them beyond endurance. Yesterday evening boys piled mud at their windows and the celestials issued forth in all their glory and as the boys fled there was a regular fusilade of flat irons sent after them."*

This may have happened at Sing Lee Laundry at New Gower Street, or it may have occurred at the newer Jim Lee Laundry at 214 Duckworth Street. Both of these laundries are listed in the city directory for 1898. The same directory implied that Sing Lee and Jim Lee were the names of individuals. The only other Chinese individual mentioned in the city directory is Won Tong who lived and worked at the Jim Lee Laundry. Evidently there is some degree of confusion among the locals about Chinese names.

Around this time, there came to Newfoundland a man who became very important to the Chinese community for almost the next half century. This was Au Kim Lee, an amazingly adaptable man, who eventually acted as liaison between the growing Chinese community and individual locals, and between the Chinese and the local Newfoundland institutions such as the justice system, the customs, etc.

A native of Tong Wu village in the Hoi Ping district of Canton, Kim Lee spent several months in Canada before arriving on the island to work at one of the laundries. His linguistic abilities soon made him a convenient vehicle of communication with the local residents. He obviously was quite aware of

the possibilities afforded by local legislation, for at the end of five years residence (1905) he became the first naturalized Chinese in Newfoundland.

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In the summer of 1901, anti-Chinese sentiment was stimulated almost daily by detailed newspaper reports of atrocities committed in China against European foreigners. The *Evening Herald* again reported the continuing aggravation of the Chinese by local youths, and again the non-passive reactions of the Chinese to this situation. At the same time, it also demonstrated a move towards anti-Chinese sentiment as the term "pigtails" replaced the term "celestials".

"CHINESE BOXERS IN OUR MIDST --- About eight last evening some Chinese coming down New Gower Street chased several boys, who were it is said, tormenting them. One lad.. turned his left foot under him, the leg breaking... One of the celestials ... it is said, beat and kicked him... (The boy) was taken in a cab to the hospital... Over 1000 angry men and boys assembled near the west-end laundry, where the windows were smashed in with stones and other damage done. The gathering was ripe for a riot but for Head Constable Dawe who handled the mob with tact and prudence. The angry crowd, increasing as it went, soon attacked the other laundry near the Crosbie, and smashed in the doors. Dawe went down in the street cars, heading off the mob, but for which foresight, the Chinamen would certainly have been killed. Two, named Kam Lee and Kong Wing were brought to the lockup. There were no police in town, owing to the Bell Island troubles, and Dawe with Mr. George Coughlan, promptly enrolled a number of 'specials'."

The results of this incidence were disturbing. The two laundries had been heavily damaged. The two Chinese, Kam Lee and Kong Wing, were arrested, and a serious risk to life had been endured. A great deal of resentment had been stimulated by the alleged beating of the local youth by Kam Lee and a great deal of emotion had come out into the open. The role of Head Constable Dawe in quelling a possible anti-Chinese riot speaks favourably for the city police force.

The event was summed up by the *Evening Herald* : *"Such a scene of excitement has not been witnessed in the city during the past 20 years..."* The resulting arrest of both Kam Lee and Kong Wong (sic) on a charge of assault led to their appearance in magistrate's court some five days later where they were defended by E.P. Morris. The case was adjourned until the boy was released from hospital.

In spite of sporadic incidents like this, the Chinese community slowly grew and by 1904 there were three laundries. The laundries were the original Sing Lee Laundry at 37 New Gower Street, the Lee Wah Laundry at 238 New Gower Street and the Kam Lung Laundry at 41 Cochrane Street.

Of the individuals who had arrived between 1900 and 1906, the following can be listed : Lee Tom, Wah Lung, Jim Lee, Wee Hong, Hong Goin, John O'Gay, Au Jin, James Lee, Ching Lee (later Johnson), Hop Wah, Hung Wing, Cha Lie Fong, Chin Chow, Ton Chew, Tong Jin, Bank Hong, Fong Jim, and Fong Lee.

Very little else is known at present about the period from 1900 and 1906 except that by 1904 the Newfoundland government member Mr. Howley had introduced a bill before the house of assembly that would prohibit the immigration of Chinese or Japanese labour into the colony. This bill passed all three readings by April 6, and was then ordered to be sent to the legislative council asking for their concurrence in its provisions. It seems to have died at this point and nothing further was done before 1906.

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For the Chinese, 1906 was the end of the era of the 'open' Newfoundland. The anti-Chinese legislation which had been unsuccessful in 1904 was reintroduced, and the Chinese became very conspicuous again. It began in late March when Wah Lung created a procedural problem for the governor by asking for a passport which would enable him to pass through Canada without difficulty on his way back to visit China. Wah Lung had been in Newfoundland long enough to have become naturalized early in 1906 and he based his request on this fact. However, it appears doubtful that he got his passport.

By late April, the bill against Chinese immigration had passed the house of assembly and copies were being printed for the legislative council. It copied the Canadian law almost verbatim, except that the head tax was to be $300, instead of $500 as in Canada. While the bill was before the House, the Minister of Justice presented a petition from the Longshoremen's Union of St. John's praying for the enactment of legislation restricting the immigration of Chinese persons. As the month of May began and it became apparent that the legislation would go through this time, it became a sort of race between the officials who wished to at least collect $300 a head from the incoming Chinese, and the Chinese who attempted to beat the deadline and the tax. Some of them did make it.

During the month of May, the newspapers vied for the slightest news about the Chinese. On the first of May the good citizens of St. John's, who happened to be in the neighbourhood of the railway station when the train pulled in, got an awful shock. Off the train marched fifty-odd Chinese men. They had come over from North Sydney on the Reid boat, the Bruce, along with about 25 other, less note-worthy passengers. On their arrival in Port-aux Basques there was nothing the local customers official could do but look at them sadly and think of the over $16,000 worth of head taxes that he was missing. The Chinese, no doubt, cheerful and much relieved, computed much the same figures.

That must have been an interesting train ride across the country for the locals, listening in bewilderment to Chinese conversations. The memories must have remained vivid for some time. At the end of the line, the city was disturbed about being overrun by the Chinese.

It was reported by both papers that 150 morewould arrive by the next express. It was fervently hoped that Newfoundland would arrive to enforce the restrictions already imposed by Canada and the United States.

The *Telegram*'s account of the matter seems to have hit the core of the matter-economics : *"Soon they will be invading other domains of labour as well as laundry work. Already several are working as cooks and domestic servants in city houses...(It was fully expected)that they will soon be*

counted in the thousands..." (There are still, to this day, less than 1,000 Chinese in the province.)

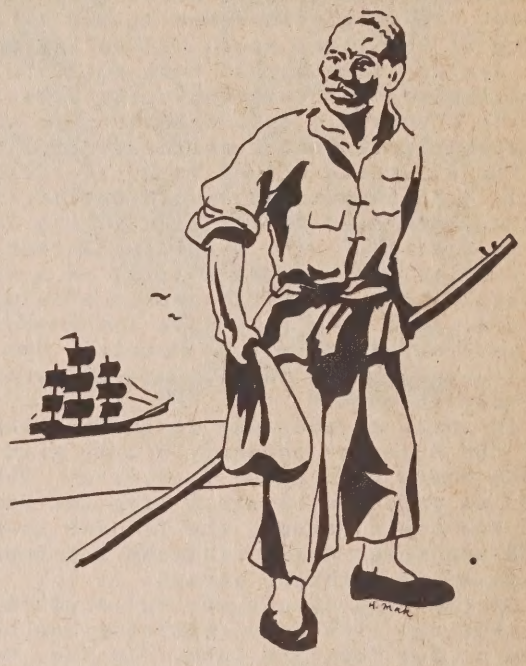
As far as can be seen, this was the only large group of Chinese to come into the country specifically to beat the head tax. The expected additional 150 on the next express were 54 pieces of their baggage which came in on conductor Kelly's express two days later. Two days after the arrival of the first group, the *Daily News* was still announcing that "*seventy Chinamen are expected to arrive on tonight's express and another batch of them are due to arrive on Sunday.*" The other batches never did show up. Up to this time, the newspapers estimated, there had been roughly 120 or 130 Chinese in the city, most of them employed at three or four laundries. These three or four laundries obviously would not be able to absorb all fifty-odd of the new arrivals and most of them set out to scour the town for other employment, much to the consternation of the locals.

The governor evidently also read the papers and in dispatches to England conveyed the latest details on the "yellow invasion." He reported that Chinese immigration had only begun to speed up during the past year or two since Canada had passed an even more restrictive bill against the Chinese in 1903. This is not surprising. He estimated that there were about 100 Chinese already in the city before the latest arrivals, with their activities particularly confined to laundry work, which did not compete directly with any large numbers of locals.

He reported cheerfully that a large new steam laundry (as opposed to Chinese hand laundries) had just opened up which would deprive the Chinese of most of the laundry work available in St. John's. He also mentioned the large numbers of Newfoundland men leaving the island and going to Canada, looking for work.

The Governor fretted over a technicality which delayed the implementation of the anti-Chinese bill as law, but consoled himself with the thought that the now expected in making the bill law "would not be so great as would allow fresh arrivals from China. It would in all reasonable likelihood only permit the limited number that would come here from America to land in Newfoundland before the act came into operation, and probably the greater number of that class that would desire to come here have already arrived." He was surprisingly right.

The fifty-odd who had indeed so conspicuously arrived together on the train assiduously began to search for work. No doubt anyone with relatives got first chance at working in the laundries. Of the rest, several obtained almost immediate employment as domestic servants on LeMarchant Road. As 70 more Chinamen were expected on the express after supper on May 3rd no doubt a number of spectators gathered at the station, only to



be disappointed, if somewhat relieved.

The Chinese were not the only ones looking for work. The *Daily News* reported that "*there is a lack of work in town at present and consequently many able-bodied men are walking about. Since the sealing steamers have discharged, little employment is given.*" The Chinese were providing these men with direct economic competition.

By the seventh of May, out of the large group that had come together, three had obviously decided against staying and they left together for Canada. Another left the next day for Vancouver; a dozen of the others left before the month was over. By now the Chinese seemed to be all over the city. They were a nine-days-wonder and stories about them abounded --- some merely amusing, others sadly revealing a lack of understanding of one group by the other. By now also, the stirred up hostile feelings about Chinese immigration was evidently spilling over to other groups.

Around the city, the Chinese still hunted for work, as gardeners, cooks, etc. Five were hired by a Mr. Thompson to work on his place in the west end. Another did similiar work in Georgetown, and yet another was employed by one of the policemen to work on his plot. Other policemen working their plots in the vicinity were reportedly not amused. By mid-May, most of the jobs in the service industries had been filled up, and still a considerable number of Chinese remained to

be absorbed. The only areas of work remaining were the Bell Island mines and the fishery itself.

Many of the locals working at the Bell Island mines quit in order to return to the fishery. This left Nova Scotia Steel Co. desperate for both surface and underground labourers and it was stated that they would offer 15 cents an hour even to unskilled labour. On May 21, two dozen Chinese left the city in three carriages headed for Portugal Cove, and then on across the Tickle to Bell Island where jobs were waiting for

them. The same day a group of students from McGill University in Montreal also travelled to Bell Island to gain some practical knowledge of the iron ore industry. The Chinese stayed somewhat longer, and working with their shovels, no doubt also gained some practical knowledge of the iron ore industry.

Chinese laundrymen, cooks, gardeners, servants, and even miners were tolerated. But, could Newfoundlanders cope at all with Chinese fishermen ? By mid-May, Mr. Weeks of Bay Bulls set something of a precedent by hiring seven Chinese who had been staying with friends at the West End Laundry. They were to do general work around his premises on the north side of the harbour. He apparently was satisfied with them, and accordingly made plans to hire an additional five or six.

Wages were good in the fishery and fishermen were hard to get, so some of the local fishermen were out of work because of the Chinese. This unusual supply of labour was therefore not unwelcome in the harbour, for from the fishermen's point of view, the real money was to be made in the fishing itself, not in shore work for wages.

Weeks ran a big establishment from his premises on the north side of Bay Bulls supplying all the local fishermen from Bay Bulls to Witless Bay with fishing gear and provisions, using two horse teams to make deliveries. He employed the Chinese on shore, about the premises, and making fish on the flakes, etc.

Mr. Nick Ryan of Bay Bulls was a young man of 10 or 11 at the time and he remembers them well throughout the whole summer, dodging about the harbour when they were not working, always together.

Mr. Jackie Tom Maloney, who together with his father worked for the Weeks' establishment, also remembers them very well. He remembers that they worked out very well for the whole summer, small men, wearing regular fishermen's clothes, mostly making fish on the flakes, and living together in a little house which Weeks provided.

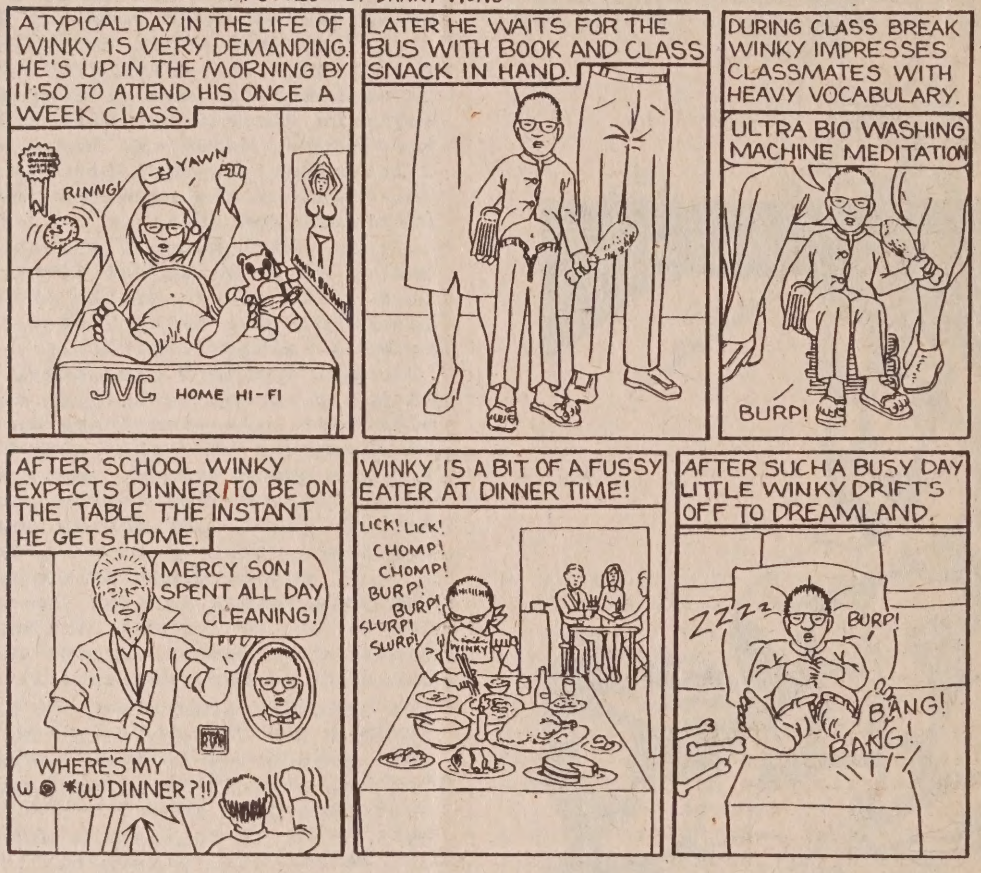
It was erroneously reported in one of the papers that the Bay Bulls fishermen protested the employment of the Chinese and insisted that Weeks not only stop hiring them, but dismiss the ones he already had. Both men remember absolutely no ill feelings against the Chinese from the fishermen, the only opposition to them coming from Father Roache, an Irishman. Anyway, Weeks continued to employ them for the rest of the summer; being an Englishman and a Protestant, Mr. Weeks could presumably afford to ignore the good Father Roache. The report in the papers that Mr. M.P. Cashin, Catholic and political, had hired Chinese brought a swift denial from the gentleman in question.

By the summer of 1906, the Chinese had been in Newfoundland for a decade. They had found in the very beginning a niche that would prove for several decades to be perhaps their most comfortable niche, in the laundry field, where they were in direct competition with a minimal number of locals. As long as the numbers were low, they blended in reasonably well.

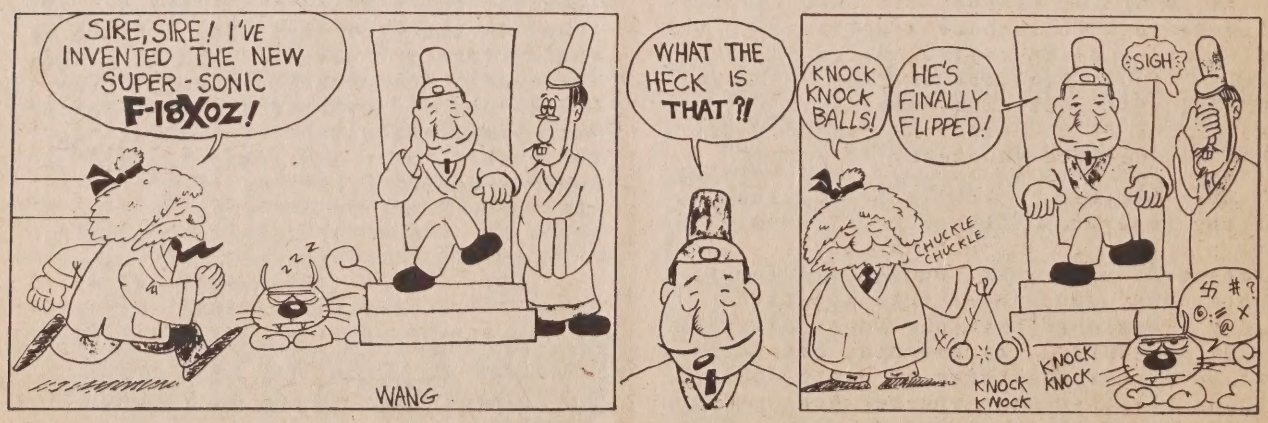
Margaret Chang, *an archivist with the Newfoundland Archives, has been secretary of the Chinese Association of Newfoundland and Labrador.*

CARTOONS

WINKY'S WORLD BY DANNY WONG


A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINKY IS VERY DEMANDING. HE'S UP IN THE MORNING BY 11:50 TO ATTEND HIS ONCE A WEEK CLASS.
RINNG!
YAWN
JVC HOME HI-FI
LATER HE WAITS FOR THE BUS WITH BOOK AND CLASS SNACK IN HAND.
DURING CLASS BREAK WINKY IMPRESSES CLASSMATES WITH HEAVY VOCABULARY.
ULTRA BIO WASHING MACHINE MEDITATION
BURP!
AFTER SCHOOL WINKY EXPECTS DINNER TO BE ON THE TABLE THE INSTANT HE GETS HOME.
MERCY SON I SPENT ALL DAY CLEANING!
WHERE'S MY @#$%& DINNER?!!
WINKY IS A BIT OF A FUSSY EATER AT DINNER TIME!
LICK! LICK!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
BURP! BURP!
SLURP! SLURP!
AFTER SUCH A BUSY DAY LITTLE WINKY DRIFTS OFF TO DREAMLAND.
ZZZZ
BURP!
BANG! BANG!

EMPEROR CHIN & HIS PEOPLE by Stephen Wong



HOW THE NOON MEAL GOT ITS NAME

fairytale by LISE WAXER

Long, long ago, in the land west of the setting sun but east of where it sets, lived a man blessed with many daughters. His name was Ho Li-Chang, and he lived in a grand palace filled with many servants, for he was Governor of his province.

He had ten daughters, and the youngest, named Dim Sum, was so beautiful he almost didn't mind that he had no sons. His family lived in peace and prosperity until one day, when his wife took sick.

The governor rushed to her bedside and saw with alarm that she was dying. But she told him not to worry, good woman that she was. "Do not lament over my passing, my noble husband," she said. "Only promise me one thing, and I shall be happy."

"What is your wish ?" asked the governor.

"Promise me that when I am gone, one of our daughters shall marry the Emperor's son."

"But my good wife, the Emperor is a cruel man. He beheads all those who fall into his disfavour," said the governor.

"Please, my husband, this is what I wish." And with that, she passed away.

The whole palace, from Ho Li-Chang to the scullery maid, grieved at her death, for she had been a kind soul. But when the mourning had ended, Ho Li-Chang set about fulfilling his wife's last wish.

"My daughters," he said, "When your mother left this world for the next, she made me promise that one of you would marry the Emperor's son."

The daughters gasped with surprise, and immediately fell to talking about this news, because, of course, each girl thought that she herself would be the Prince's wife. All except pretty Dim Sum. She knew she had no chance of becoming the Prince's wife, because she was the youngest.

The next day, the governor set off to visit the Emperor. "Poor Dim Sum," he thought to himself. "How much she wants to marry the Emperor's son. But she can't. I must give Beautiful Jade, as she is the eldest. Secretly, he wished that the Emperor had nine sons, so he could marry the nine oldest daughters, who were rather mean and vain, all at once, and keep Dim Sum at home with him.

When he got to the royal palace, Ho Li-Chang the governor was informed that the Emperor was not available, being ill with a stomach ache. "Then how can I tell him that I wish my daughter to marry his son ?" asked the governor.

"My good man," said the Emperor's private advisor, a man with a great black robe. "It is not so simple as that. To marry Prince H'si-Cho, your daughter must prepare a meal. If the Emperor finds both the meal and your daughter satisfactory, he will marry her to his son. If not, she will be beheaded. We don't want her coming back a second time to offend the taste-buds of our Emperor."

Ho Li-Chang went home with a heavy heart. Of course he wanted his daughters out of the house, or palace, as the case happened to be, but he hardly wanted them killed. If only he hadn't promised his wife...

Surprisingly, when he broke the story to his daughters, they were not at all dismayed. "Do not worry, oh honourable father," said Beautiful Jade. "When the Emperor sees me, he will like my looks so much, he'll find the meal delicious, and I will marry his son."

All the daughters felt this way, and immediately rushed off to the kitchens.

Dim Sum stayed behind, however. She knew it was no use to hope. "Yes, my daughter," said Ho Li-Chang, "it is better that you stay here with me. To go to the kitchens would only depress you. I'm afraid. Perhaps when the Emperor comes to taste the meals, you can entertain him with one of your stories."

Three nights and three days later, Ho Li-Chang received a messenger. The Emperor and his son would be coming to taste the meal.

The governor prepared for the occassion. The palace was mopped clean. The

statues and vases were shined till you could see your face in them. A fresh coat of paint was added to the pagoda in the garden. And gay paper lanterns were strung throughout the estate, along the balconies, and into the centre courtyard. It was a big occassion indeed.

The Emperor arrived, in a very bad mood. The Prince followed. He was very handsome, and looking through her window, Dim Sum fell in love with him at once.

That evening, the first of the nine meals was brought out. The Emperor rubbed his hands together, for although he was very bad-tempered, he loved food. "Perhaps this is the meal that will do it," he thought.

It was a great pig, on a platter heaped with noodles and vegetables. On the side were steaming bowls of rice, and cups of tea.

The Emperor swallowed his first mouthful, and choked. "What is the meaning of this ?" he stormed. "It is so overcooked it tastes like dust. Give me some tea before I die." He drank. "(Gasp) This tea is made of dishwater. And this rice, it looks like glue. Off with her head."

Beautiful Jade was taken away to be executed. "No. Don't kill her," yelled Ho Li-Chang. "Please, your Emperorship," he said in a quaky voice. "Please, don't kill her now. Just... just let stay here until later, and... and then... I promise you tomorrow's meal will be a lot better." The Emperor relented, and stormed off to nurse his sore stomach.

The next night, Flowering Blossom, the second daughter, brought out her dish. It was a tender-looking duck set in a mound of steaming vegetables, and dripping with thick sauces. "This looks a little better," growled the Emperor. But again he choked on his first mouthful, this time complaining that the duck was undercooked, and the sauces tasted like burnt perfume.

And so it went, night after night. The Emperor's temper grew worse. He would have beheaded the poor girls right on the spot if Ho Li-Chang had not intervened.

Finally, came the morning when the Emperor and his son were to depart. The nine sisters were with the party, as the Emperor was taking them with him to be beheaded. Dim Sum, who had been hiding in her room for the entire visit, came down to watch the procession leave.

The Prince, noticing her, asked Ho Li-Chang if she were his daughter. "Why yes she it, your Highness," replied the governor.

"I believe she has not prepared a meal yet," said the Prince. "If it please my father, I would like that she do so."

The Emperor, sensing that his son had more interest in the girl than just in her cooking, assented grumpily. "But it better be ready soon, or I'll have her beheaded too. I want to be home before dark --- I've had enough of this."

Dim Sum's heart skipped two beats, and seeing the approval in her father's eye, she raced down to the kitchens. But when she got there, her heart fell. There was nothing left. Just a little seafood, and leftover bits of meat, and some rice flour. Dim Sum despaired, and then set about experimenting with the meagre supplies she had.

At noon, Dim Sum appeared with a modest tray. On it were small plates containing tiny morsels of food --- shrimp boiled in rice flour, buns filled with spiced meat, fried pork of egg and porl and bean-sprouts. "I'm sorry, your Majesties, but there was no food left," she whispered.

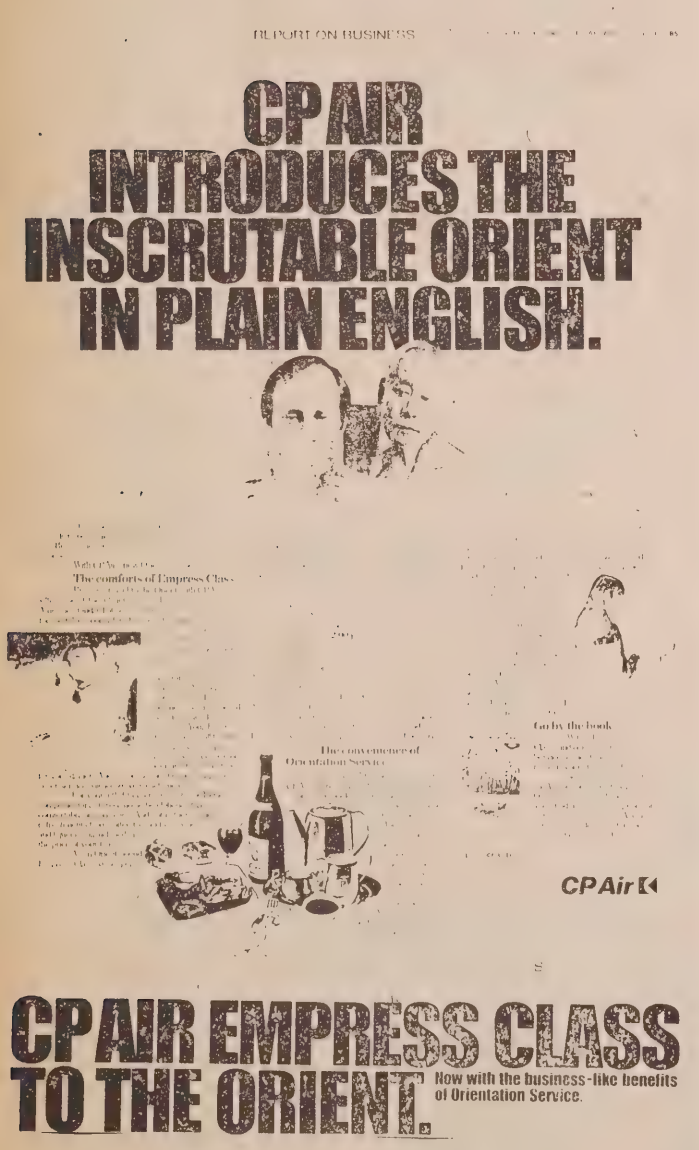
"All the better," said the Emperor. "We can eat this and be on our way." The Emperor picked up his chop-sticks and started to eat. His eyes lit up. "Mmmmm," he said, "this is good."

He picked up another morsel and ate that. And another, and another, until the tray was empty. The Emperor lay back with a sigh and said," we'll take her with us, Governor Ho Li-Chang. We need another cook in the palace, and if we don't, she can always marry my son."

Dim Sum's heart filled with happiness, and she flew into the arms of her father. And then, summing up all her courage, she turned to the Emperor. "But before I go, your Majesty, you must let my sisters free." The Emperor, full with the delicious meal and very contented, agreed.

And so Dim Sum went away to the royal palace, where she married the Emperor's son. Of course, every day at noon, she served her tiny perfect meals, and these dishes spread throughout the land. When she died, they named these dishes Dim Sum, after her. And that is why, to this day, the noon-time meal in China has been called Dim Sum, which means "little hearts".

Dubious Award


REPORT ON BUSINESS
CP AIR INTRODUCES THE INSCRUTABLE ORIENT IN PLAIN ENGLISH.
CP Air
CP AIR EMPRESS CLASS TO THE ORIENT.
Now with the business-like benefits of Orientation Service.

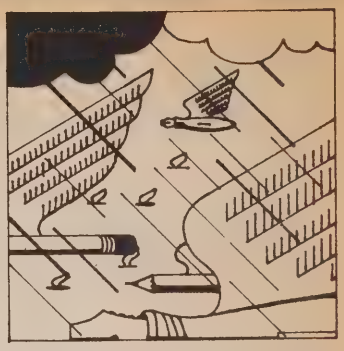
The Dubious Award for Summer, 1981 goes to CP Air for this condescending --- and obviously unoriginal advertisement which occupied almost a full page in *The Globe and Mail* (April 21, 1981 : page B5).

The ad, as you can clearly seen, not only implies that the "plain (North American) English" language is somehow superior in clarity to the languages of the Far East, but it also reiterates the negative, hackneyed stereotype of the "Inscrutable Orient" --- in bold, capital letters. Immediately, the reader's mind leaps to all those horrid, Hollywood-manufactured associations of the phrase, "Inscrutable Oriental", that is, the Oriental as some mysterious, impenetrable --- and therefore sinister alien not to be trusted. The Oriental --- that which cannot be comprehended even through scrutiny.

Defenders of the above ad might accuse *The Asianadian* of over-reacting again. They may claim that the average reader of a respected newspaper like *The Globe and Mail* would probably be too educated and analytical to believe in such a stereotype. In addition, they may claim that the ad is harmless since there is no actual racist message within the body of the copy to support our negative interpretation of the headline. However, it is unlikely that every reader would take the time to examine the 'fine print' which does in fact straightforwardly describe the CP Air Express Class to the Orient service. Ultimately, it is the initial impact of the headline which leaves its imprint on our minds.

Finally, it should be noted that this is an ad for an established and respected company. Thus, since it is CP Air which is playing upon a stereotype ingrained in the North American psyche, that stereotype is automatically accorded some degree of validity. Unfortunately, it is 'so called' innocent ads such as this CP Air ad, which subtly perpetuate the current Yellow Peril fears. The medium is indeed the message.

Poetry



BY ROY MIKI

from the west side

for my son
with love

who is everywhere
aside me

the stream
coming on the ocean

is too cold
my feet are numb

the heron
has one eye
on you

the stream
clear enough to drink
no salt

will it then grow?
will this rock grow?
will it?

sunlight on the stream
late afternoon
pool of mercury

watch it

watch it

your legs disappear
a branch of evergreen
caught by two rocks
under the surface

slippery
over the stones

the heron is watching you
the jack of herons
out of the corner of his eye

the branch is not seaweed
it floats again
straight for the sea

bring it back

this is my son
who steals his words
stone-in-hand
the stream pushes
thru the opening
it's a waterfall
the branch nearly unstuck
the tail of it just hooked
ready to go

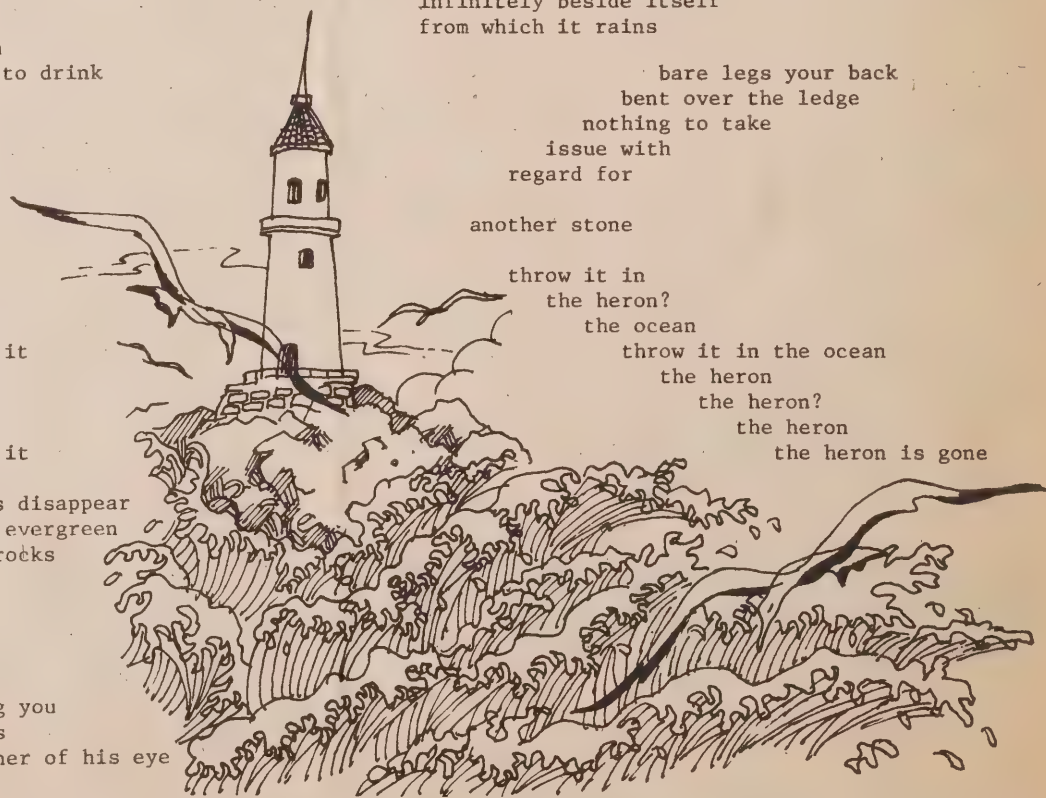
the stone of
whatever house
comes to mind

cupped-hand
infinitely unusuable
infinitely beside itself
from which it rains

bare legs your back
bent over the ledge
nothing to take
issue with
regard for

another stone

throw it in
the heron?
the ocean
throw it in the ocean
the heron
the heron?
the heron
the heron is gone



just words

in the midst of typing
& waylen who's nearly five
comes screaming into the study
ali's got a bird in her mouth
outside she's gone outside
the sentence in mid-air
? says something i don't catch
where are you going?
outside to bury the bird
it's dead then
no
then why are you burying it?

some place

as a kid the ghost town
was some place
you came from
not you but anyone
with baggage & gifts

& the letters
everyone listening
the room suddenly circular

& always the ghost town
many many names
but always the the

so and so's cousin or aunt or brother
or daughter or second cousin by marriage
to the son of a grandfather

the whole web
of intricate family ties
spun off with no beginning or end
more than the matter of a theme

'you should see
them towns with nobody in them
the buildings fronted
like sets of an old movie
no one any longer wants to see
& all of them just there
you should see them for yourselves'

the slender voices
crowd into the narrow
margin of the page

some of them leaving
others only now going

AN ONION AMID STRAWBERRIES: coping with the curious

by Richard Fung

Before I left on my trip, my lover warned me that travelling as an "Asian queer" in Latin America was not going to be easy. My identity as a gay turned out to be simple enough to manipulate, slipping in and out of the closet depending on whether I was talking to a Peruvian border official or a Columbian gay liberation organizer -- and trying not to feel that I was compromising myself too much. However, trying to conceal my Asian identity when necessary was not such a simple task. I couldn't put my face into my shoulder bag as I would with my camera when I didn't want to be singled out as a tourist. Gradually, I did manage to develop some spy-like tactics to remain incognito. In an attempt to blend in with the shrubbery I wore non-descript brown and green. I pulled my hat over my tinted glasses to conceal my tell-tale eyes. And when I wasn't standing in shadows, I sat down alot to hide my give-away 6' 2" stature. It's not that I was uncomfortable or ashamed of either my gayness or my Asianness. But continually being singled out as different --- very different --- can be tiresome, perhaps even dangerous.

In a city like Toronto, I can never tell residents from tourists. But in Latin America, especially outside the larger cities, foreigners stand out like onions in a box of strawberries. This analogy becomes obvious when you think that foreigners are for the most part, whiter and larger than Latin Americans. Thank goodness I'm not blond.

The vernacular term for foreigners in South America is 'gringo'. In Mexico 'green go' referred to the uniforms of invading Americans soldiers and is still used as an insult. In South America, however, 'gringo' applies to all non-latin foreigners and is used in a purely descriptive, often friendly manner. The diminutive 'gringito' is also common. Actually, all racially descriptive terms such as 'negro' (black), 'mono' (blond) or 'chino' (Chinese) are used freely without the slightest hint of a derogatory connotation. This took some time getting used to on my part.

Usually, 'chino' was the term used to describe me. But again, 'chino' refers not only to the Chinese but to anyone of East Asian ancestry. As a matter of fact, any South American man with small elongated eyes is called 'chino' by his friends. In Nicaragua a man talked to me of the Japanese 'chinos' who worked at Honda. I found that I was called 'japone' or 'coreano' in tourist situations like hotels because Chinese tourists don't visit Latin America in any numbers. When I told people that I actually lived in Canada they were incredulous. Why they'd never seen an Canadian chino. Some pondered about the proximity of Canada to China. At this point, I would explain that I was born in Trinidad. This always seemed to satisfy my audience --- until they continued with : "Is Trinidad part of Korea?" or "Does it belong to Japan?" This ignorance of geography

often extended to the speaker's own country since widespread education is often lower on the list of government priorities than arms budgets. I say "widespread" because most South American countries have a surprising number of universities and institutions of higher learning together with their high literacy rates. "Education" often denotes the development of a highly trained clique of technocrats.

In the countryside people would be thrilled to have a gringo, far less a chino visit their village, although they could be tediously covert about observing me. After a while, I began to tell by the look on people's faces that after they'd passed me on the street and would be able to pick out the word 'chino' in the conversation. If I turned around I would inevitably find them still staring back at me. Others were less discreet. I remember a boy in a little visited town of southern Ecuador who, on seeing me, ran screaming into his house (grocery store), "papa, papa come quick. There's a chino going by." In this town whole sections of the market place could drop their business to look at me walking past. Times like these proved difficult and unnerving. As did the adults and children in Nicaragua and Columbia who baited me with mock Chinese. This is something I've never learned to handle well, usually, like my parents, pretending to be cool and ignorant, while I'm nearly experiencing a volcano inside.

This type of response was decidely unfriendly. This was not always the case with people who shouted 'chino' across the street to me. I found that if I could overcome my annoyance and respond by smiling or saying something, the person would be very very friendly and willing to talk. In the end, I figured out that people living in remote places, and seeing few foreigners, lacked the social skills to receive them and so calling 'chino' was just a way of saying hello. It was distressing though to have such undeniable proof that one's cover was not working entirely.

Another way that children would acknowledge me was to strike Kung Fu poses. Hong Kong movies are immensely popular all over Central and South America because they are cheap to cinema owners and you don't have to be able to read subtitles to follow them. With literacy rates of less than 50 percent in places American and European movies, especially less action filled ones, become fans for the middle and upper classes only. Mexican pulp films are popular but aren't sufficiently abundant to saturate the market and it seems that more Kung Fu movies reach the small villages than any others. Kids grow up with Bruce Lee and the masters of Shao Lin so that 'chino' is therefore almost synonymous with 'blackbelt'. I capitalized on this association and was never hassled or robbed unlike the vast majority of white tourists that I met. I walked around downtown Bogota at night without the slightest fear. At times like these I wore my Asian face like a weapon.

Other than movies and food (there are many Chinese restaurants all over Latin America), the only contact many people have with things Asian are Japanese cars and electrical appliances. I was constantly asked to fix broken T.V.s or cassette recorder. One man on Lake Titicaca asked me where he might find a B73F, which turned out to be a part for a Japanese made T.V. set. He was surprised I didn't immediately recognize the code number.

As a tourist in South America one sometimes has a frightening amount of authority. People believe that you are knowledgeable simply because you come from abroad. In Columbia a young man working in a hotel asked me to give him an injection. In a small village near the Peruvian Amazon some girls wanted to buy the soap I was washing my cloths with. They insisted it was better than their and refused to believe

that it was cheap and in fact bought only a couple of hundred miles away on the coast. This deference to foreign, especially North American things dies away with an understanding and critique of Imperialism, but it's a long process.

So far I've talked about how Latin Americans viewed me. My own reactions in such a new situation were also noteworthy. Since I was born in Trinidad, only seven miles from the Venezuelan coast, I wasn't totally unfamiliar with Latin culture. Of course Venezuelans are very different from Peruvians and coastal Peruvians are very different from those who live in the Andes. Nevertheless, the levelling of culture pro-

duced by Spanish colonialism makes Latin America more accessible to the outsider than say Africa or Asia, not the smallest reason being that with Spanish one can converse with the majority of the population in all countries except Brazil and the Guianas.

Generally, I felt extremely comfortable with Latin Americans. I felt I could strike up conversation with people in stores or buses or on the street and not be deemed mad. I did notice however that once I crossed south into Ecuador and Peru, there was none of a distance between me and the native population. Whereas the previous countries (Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Columbia) had had a predominantly Spanish or Mestizo (mixed Spanish-Indian) culture, Peru and Ecuador had a stronger indigenous component. In the Andeau regions of both countries most people speak Quechua (the language of the Inca empire) and some know no Spanish, so that verbal communication was often difficult. But even when there was a common language both parties were a littel stiff though well-wishing. For the native people I was always a chino tourist with my strange eyes and funny accessories (like dark glasses and a backpack) and for me the brilliant costumes and distinct customs often framed the peasants as different and exotic. Besides, many Native people are rightly suspicious of foreigners given that throughout American history they have been cheated and oppressed by them.

Racism is present in all Latin American countries. In Columbia there is an unofficial but practical segregation especially in the northwest where most Afro-Colombians live. In Peru, racism operates according to how Indian one is. Whereas in North America the crucial distinction is white versus non-white, so that someone referred to as 'black' is often far from pure in African genetic heritage, in Peru the categories are Indian versus non-Indian so that people classified as 'white' may have very obvious Inca ancestry. As well, the distinction is not racial but cultural (namely language, costume, type of work, etc.) Consequently, if someone of pure Inca ancestry rose in the government bureaucracy he or she would probably be regarded as 'mestizo' and not 'campesino' (meaning peasant but usually used as a polite term for native people). By the same token if a mixed Spanish-Quechua woman lived in an adobe hut in the mountain with her Indian husband, worked the land, spoke Quechua and wore a peasant hat and embroidered, woolen skirt she would be a 'campesina' or 'india'.

Asians in Latin America seem to be outside this general hierarchy altogether being somewhat like Jews were in Europe: for the most part well-off but not quite accepted as kin. All the countries I visited had Asian, especially Chinese communities: in Nicaragua, along the English-speaking Caribbean coast; along the Pacific coast of Ecuador. Of course the large cities all have Chinese, Japanese and Korean restaurants. In Costa Rica and especially Peru, there are substantial Chinese populations originally imported to both countries to build railroad. In Costa Rica, during the building of the first forty kilometers of track from Limon to San Jose, yellow fever took the lives of 4,000 mostly Chinese labourers. In Lima the Chinese and Japanese communities are large and prosperous. So much so that in the chinatown the street carts selling pak choy (white vegetable) and fresh noodles are no longer tended by Chinese but mestizos. In fact, other than a few old men living in Chinese association rooms, most Chinese have moved to the suburbs coming in only to manage their businesses. I was told that the food was authentic but I was burnt by my previous experiences eating in 'chifas' (Chinese restaurants) in Ecuador where my pork in M.S.G. was served on a bed of french fries, and in Nicaragua where 'Chinese style' seems to mean that you add a blob of mustard to whatever unrecognizable things is being served. "Because it's yellow?", a friend asked.

Interestingly, all of the second and third generation Asian Peruvians I met spoke Spanish as their first language and I was always assumed to be Peruvian by nationality. Nevertheless, the integration is always difficult. A mestizo man told me that "there are some Japanese here who talk perfectly Peruvian." Many white tourists didn't even reach this level of understanding. Often I wasn't spoken to, people assuming that I spoke only Japanese. When one travels one carries more baggages than clothes and material things.

bridging east and west:

A LOOK AT MARTIAL ARTS FILMS

daniel c. lee

Intercultural exchange between Chinese and Canadian societies in the last decade has occurred at many levels and yet the stereotypes, distortions and simplistic notions held by the Canadian public at large indicate the educational process is far from complete. Prohibitive ticket prices of such high-brow cultural events as archaeological exhibits, Beijing (Peking) opera and table tennis competitions proffer the opportunity to only those who can afford it. Free events such as festivals (Mid-Autumn, New Year, etc.) in local Chinatowns are poorly publicized; and while colourful and vibrant, offer little insight into whys and wherefores.

A potentially revolutionary source of cultural education is a form of popular cinema called the martial arts film. Rapidly gaining acceptance among the public in Canada and world-wide, it is neither expensive nor restricted to Chinatowns. These films are meant as entertainment but they give invaluable insights into the "Chinese mentality" which would be difficult to obtain by studying even a whole museumful of Shang Dynasty wine urns. Thus, to gain an understanding of the Chinese people, or for that matter any ethnic group, it is not enough, at least as the layman is concerned, to examine bric-a-bracs from the past or to witness isolated cultural performances. One the contrary, some form of built-in motivation must be present to stimulate the cultural appetite and martial arts cinema is the sugar-coated pill which facilitates the process.

The first martial arts film, *The Burning of the Red Lotus Temple* was made in China in 1929 but the genre was unheard of in the West until American-born actor-martial artist Bruce Lee popularized it in the early 1970s. Since Lee's death in 1973, martial arts films have spread to six continents (often in dubbed versions) and were even the most popular type of film in Iran until the Ayatollah Khomeini banned them in the spring of 1979. They are regulars on *Variety*'s "Top 50 Grossing Films" and Hollywood will produce at least 14 martial arts films this year to compete with Far East imports. Hits like *Kramer Vs Kramer* and *The Empire Strikes Back* may have trouble cracking the Third World market but the martial arts film has universal appeal.

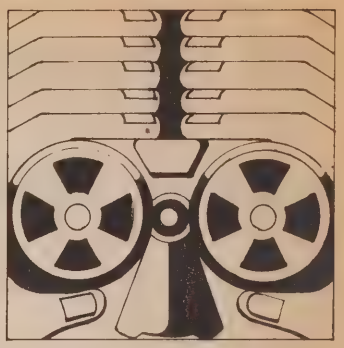
Why are these films so popular? Because the recurrent themes are time-tested: Heroism and cowardice, duty and betrayal, love and friendship, life and death. The films are not intellectual puzzles but morality plays featuring the eternal good and evil. Action sequences do not call for the mundane gunfights or car chases but the use of the ultimate weapon: the human body. The kung fu fight scenes, which invariably climax the movie are the epitomy of speed, control and grace. They are among the most beautiful things human eyes can behold. So in some respects, the martial arts movie fills the vacuum left by two defunct Hollywood genres: the western and the musical.

There are now three magazines devoted to the genre, *The Jade Screen*, *Fighting Stars* and *Martial Arts Movies*. However, ill-informed individuals in the mainstream news media continue to malign the "fad". *Variety*, so-called Bible of the entertainment industry, refers derisively to martial arts films as "chop-sockies", a pidgenized epithet they coined in the early 1970s. Clyde Gilmour, a *Toronto Star* film critic in a recent article called Bruce Lee's kung fu style as "a lot of snorting and eye-bulging". Such snide remarks betray a basic misunderstanding of the rationale behind martial arts films, the forces driving the genre forward, its role as popular cinema and its potential use as a cultural bridge between East and West.

When martial arts cinema made its first appearance in the West, skeptics labelled it a fad but it has made important strides in breaking age, color and national barriers. More and better quality films are being made. Accessibility, once a problem, has been improved. For example, Metro Toronto has eight or nine theaters regularly running martial arts films in original or English-dubbed versions.

In an age of high-priced entertainment, racial tension, cultural myopia and moral intransigence, it would be misleading and foolish to prescribe cure-alls. But for anyone with the slightest inclination in bridging East and West, martial arts films may prove to be highly enlightening, even fun.

Face to Face



Anver Garda is the Executive Director of the Indian Immigrant Aid Service (IIAS). Although the IIAS came into being only a few years ago, it has been playing an important role in articulating the problems and prospects of 90,000 South Asian immigrants in Metro Toronto. In the following pages, Mr. Garda discusses the problems and future of South Asian immigrants.

ASIANADIAN: *We would like to concentrate our discussion on East Indian community and its problems in Canada in general, and Toronto in particular. But before that, Mr. Garda, we would like you to tell our readers about your country of origin, your work, your career at home and abroad.*

GARDA: Myself?

Yes!

My country of origin is Canada, but I grew up in South Africa where my family has settled for over six or seven generations. My family origins go back to Gujrat. We are Gujarati speaking; we have not lost the language, although we have been out of India for six or seven generations.... I spent most of my childhood in South Africa, and my teens in Murre, Pakistan where I spent nine years of my life. I learned Urda, Hindi and Punjabi when I lived in India and Pakistan. I graduated from Kashmir, came back to Canada and earned my degree in Child Therapy from a community college. Later I.., finished my Master's Degree in Business Administration. I worked in a treatment centre from disturbed children for ten years where I also supervised the programming.... but today, I am often referred to as a social worker, community worker and human services administrator.

Are you satisfied with your present position as the coordinator of Indian Immigrant Aid Services?

I originally started as a coordinator, but have now been designated as Executive Director, and I took the job a year and a half ago - coming out of a residential treatment centre for disturbed children was quite a change, but I felt that our community is at a stage of growth and maturity. Now the challenge to set up a social service organization is highest in my priorities...

What was the most immediate problem that you encountered when you first started?

The immediate problem in terms of administration was that most of the original staff members had left. My predecessor, Mr. Panda, who was really the backbone of the Indian Immigrant Aid Services (I.I.A.S.), left, many of the core community workers had left, the Community Secretary had left and the first problem I had was to build up a new staff. The second difiiculty I had to face was a community problem...We are not a Hindu organization. It is just history that the name "Indian Immigrant Aid Services" came about in this way. These people, then, founded the drop-in centre to enable people to interact for reasons other than religion and culture, to meet,talk,dialogue and discuss I.I.A.S. was then incorporated as a non-profit, charitable organization in 1972, and the first Board of Directors of the Executive Committee was elected at that time. The first president of I.I.A.S. was Dr. Samir Basu. Since then, it has grown from a drop-in and community information centre to what we are today 11 years later - a social service agency.

Besides providing help to the Indian community, is I.I.A.S. involved in community activities?

Yes! I.I.A.S.'s major mandate is community development. I.I.A.S. was structured originally to cover four or five major areas: the first priority was to help newcomers from India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, Burma, the Fiji Islands, Africa and the West Indies, Trinidad, Tobago and Guyana. These countries are clearly represented on my Board of Directors, especially in the area of social service needs. The focus was on two sectors of the community: women and seniors.

Can you tell our readers briefly about the origin and history of Indian Immigrant Aid Services? Who is eligible to obtain help from I.I.A.S?

I.I.A.S. was originally founded in 1970. People who can go back that far will recall that we had a suicide of a young Indian boy on the subway in 1970. He left behind a suicide note saying he was in a strange country among strange people, and he could not find his own people. Due to depression and loneliness he killed himself. It was really this incident that motivated certain people in the community... to get together. They found a need to set up a drop-in centre for our young people in Metropolitan Toronto at that time. Prior to that, in the 50s and 60s, people of Indian origin were coming to North America, especi-

ally to Metropolitan Toronto. I will emphasize that later when I say "people of Indian origin" because there is a broad spectrum. We do not serve only people from India. We have always been criticized for being a Hindu organization. Our services are not just India-based. The term you used earlier - South Indo-Pakistani or South Asian Services would be much more appropriate. It is just by historical chance that the word "Indian" was used.

What is the size of the Indian community in Canada?

I am not really qualified to speak for Canada, but in Metropolitan Toronto, the number of people of South Asian origin is approximately 150,000 to 200,000. 72% are white collar workers or professionals who have never really required our assistance. The 30% who have come in the last five years, have been sponsored by relatives. They were fathers or mothers, brothers and sisters who could not gain entry into Canada earlier because of the Immigration laws. They are blue collar workers and skilled labour: some have difficulty with the English language and others have settlement and adaptation problems. I characterize South Asian community of Metropolitan Toronto as a middle class, vibrant society.

How would you characterize the Indian communities in Canada?

In Canada, it is estimated that there are approximately half a million Canadians of Indian origin scattered all over the country.

Where are they located?

The largest group is on the West coast, in Vancouver and Victoria. In Victoria now, the descendants of the Sikh community, which settled in 1850, are third generation Sikh Indo-Canadians... I think with the recent census, we are encouraging people to clearly identify their mother tongues...

What are the most immediate problems that have been confronted by the Indian community in Canada?

Generally, our community has not had difficulties in terms of settlement or adaptation. As I mentioned earlier, because of the immigration laws (because of the brain drain as we call it), Canada got the cream of the crop of this society. We are dealing with people who are well-educated, speak English well, are adaptable and have settled in very comfortably That is why Asian immigration has not followed the pattern of other immigrants to Canada. We do not have ghettoes; we do not have geographically concentrated areas anywhere in Metropolitan Toronto, or in Canada for that matter.

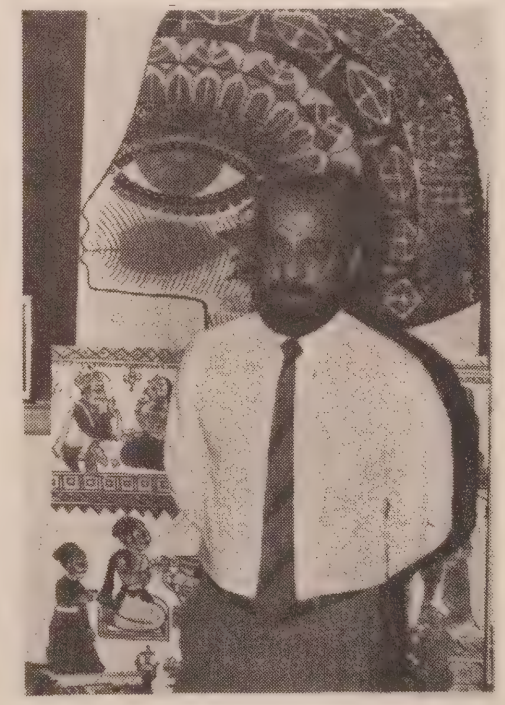
Do you think racism is a problem for the South Asian community in Canada? If so, what kind of practical suggestions can you give to eliminate it?

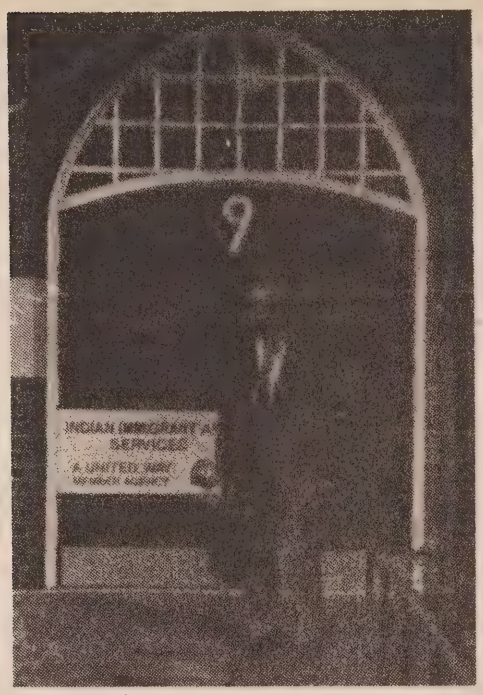
We did an internal telephone survey of approximately four thousand members of our own organization - just an opinion poll. Surprisingly, the majority of the people felt that they had never experienced racism, either overtly or covertly. A much more important issue than racism is discrimination in employment, and this is a serious problem. It involves the recognition of our skills and capabilities, an acceptance of our potential, not on the basis of tokenism - without handouts. We want an opportunity to be able to fulfill our working capacity.

In other words, what you are saying is that institutional racism is present in Canada.

Sure. As a recent study that will be released from the Social Planning Council (in which I was involved as an adviser) clearly indicates, there is institutional discrimination especially in the employment market.

Would you like to make any comment on police-minority relations in Toronto?





To be honest, I have little or no difficulty in dealing with the police. For Superintendent Wright, for a very close friend of mine, Seargent Pearson, and the members of the ethnic squad, I have a great deal of respect. They have been very helpful to me... You've noticed that I've posted pictures of the ethnic squad officers all over my office. I agree that there are other difficulties in the police force, such as for the individual constable on the beat, no question about it. But in comparison to other institutionalized services in the area of race relations, the police are ten light years ahead of the Children's Aid Society, the courts, the education system,... personally I have not had difficulties with the police.

You have a high opinion of the police.

Yes I do.

You don't forsee that anything like the Brixton incident would occur in Toronto?

No! I think an alderman touched on the issue several weeks ago in the newspaper when he posed the question 'what will happen here?' I am optimistic enough to say no.

Do you think that the relationship between the police and minority groups has improved in Toronto since the Albert Johnson case?

Yes. There are several incidents that precipitated a dialogue with the police force, and changes that continue to take place. I am in regular contact with the police. I am working with them at their police college level with regards to the dropping of height and weight regulations. The point that I'm making is that we will have no Brixton happening in Toronto. Although multicultural mosaic is changing in structure, the quality of service has not dropped. There is still a very high calibre of service. This is where we do not want a quota system: we don't want tokenism. We want to maintain the high quality of service and make the appropriate changes.

Are the South Asian communities making attempts to integrate within the Canadian mosaic?

A recent study, the 1979 Green Paper on the Indian community, shows that 79% of Indo-Canadians or South Asian Canadians will become Canadian citizens. They are also the group most likely to assimilate, faster than other immigrant groups... a similar poll of Metropolitan Toronto citizens showed that 10% did not want a South Asian for a neighbour. Ninety percent said they would not mind. There is no clear acceptance on both sides, but it is important that I put these facts across, because I believe that they have not been dealt with in an honest way.

The South Asian community as such would not like to be considered as sojourners in Canada, but would like to participate in the development of Canada.

In fact, the most exciting phenomenon taking place these days within the community that I serve is the selection of appropriate people to become political figures, to get involved in the political process...

They want to become part of the decision-making process in Canada?

Very much. We are Indo-Canadians.

Do you consider this a healthy sign?

Yes, I consider it a healthy sign...

Do second generation Indians see problems in Canada through different eyes from first generation Indians?

Of the children born here, I am very qualified to speak; I believe I belong to the second generation. The most difficult aspect of this encounter is the intergenerational one - that means anything - in terms of value systems and the old values clashing with the new. But the second generation Indians tend to be much stronger in their convictions of who they are. They do not have the kind of difficulties that the first generation people have. They know that they are of South Asian origin. There are various cultural ethnic and religious groups within the South Asian community - whether they be Hindus, Muslims or Sikhs, Punjabi-speaking or Urdu-speaking... they seem to have come more to terms with identifying who they are... Our origins can be traced back to the subcontinent, but we are also very Canadian with a Canadian value system. And the problem now is the first generation's acceptance of the changed values of the second generation. The second generation is also in a period of change. I know from the figures of the

Indian Students' Associations of the University of Toronto, York, Ottawa and McMaster that there are some five thousand youngsters of Indo-Canadian background who will graduate this year. So it is a little too early to tell what direction they will take, although we are trying to intervene at this point by developing a core network in this generation.

Do you think a new change in attitudes poses a threat to the traditional family structure within the Indian community?

Family structure is under a very severe test right now because the one thing that we, as Indo-Canadians can contribute to Canada is our family system. It is a system that has worked for thousands of years and involves the structure of family relationships, the extended family, the concept of caring in the elderly, the motivation of the younger generation, and the question of respect - As I said earlier, it is shaky, but it is still very strong.

What is the relationship between South Asians and other ethnic communities in Toronto? Should there be more communication among Asian groups?

As this year's chairperson of the Ontario Council of Agencies Serving Immigrants - known as OCASI, an umbrella organization bringing together an immigrant aid services in the province, I've become aware that we immigrant communities see our plight and problems as being the same. There is a good sense of dialogue, a good sense of acceptance. We identify closely with the Jewish, Italian and Chinese groups. We are the same size and we each have a similar historical base to fall back on. Communication is very healthy, in terms of intra-community organization. In Metropolitan Toronto, we have 102 South Asian organizations. These groups have been formed on the basis of religious, language, cultural and traditional needs. for example, the Bengali Cultural Association, South Africa-Canada Organization, Pakistani Canadian Cultural Aid Centre. These are all cultural and social organizations. They are not service organizations. The only service organization is the Indian Immigrant Aid Service. I.I.A.S. has undergone a constitutional change: part of the change is in the Board of Directors - to have representatives from different organizations sitting on the Board. I.I.A.S. has a history of ten or twelve years of survival. We have the credibility: we have the acceptance in the community as a whole. We are now forging ahead one step further into community organization. Our community has been in Canada almost twenty years (sic) now. We are now coming to an age of maturity. We have to look at internal community communication. Second generation Indo-Canadians bring all the different South Asian language groups together at least on one level - that of an umbrella organization, similar to the Jewish Congress or Italian Congress that deals with political issues, with immigration... with the growth of our community and most of all, with encouraging our young people to become part of the political spectrum of this country.

What you are suggesting is that at this stage, for South Asian Canadians intra-communication is more important than inter-communication?

Inter-communication is already taking place. It has been going on for three or four years now. It has now reached the culmination stage where prominent people, working people, professors, students, young people can sit down and say it is now time for us to look one step ahead. It is a shame: we do not have an alderman, MPP, MP or school board trustee.

Do you think the situation has improved since the time of the young boy who committed suicide because of his loneliness and alienation?

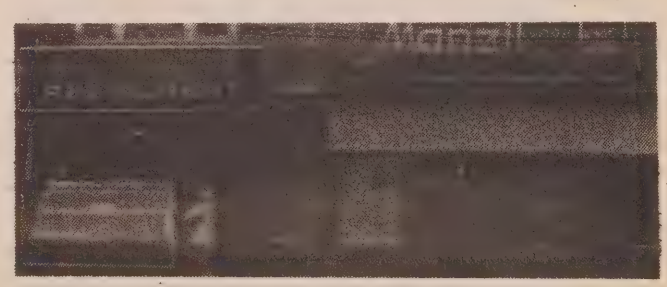
Yes, there is a phenomenal improvement in the situation. We have a blossoming community. We have taken our place in the multicultural mosaic of this society. People who wanted to meet the cultural and religious needs now have their mosques, their temples and their places of assembly. The foods, the culture, entertainment, clothing, spices and the basic needs of day to day existence are provided. I do not have to go more than one block for my shopping - we have South Asian shopping districts in the west and in the east. The latest statistics show that 10% of Brampton's population consists of Indo-Canadians, a large sector of a very powerful, middle-class group of people. We boast right now that in Canada as a whole, we have up to thirty or forty millionaires. Several clothing companies in Canada are owned by Indians.

Is not the definition of multiculturalism broader than you have suggested?

I see that food and dress are the exotic aspects of a culture. What I see in the concept of multiculturalism is that Canada today is the only country in the world - and I will challenge that statement with anybody - where I have the freedon to practice both my value systems: my Indo-Canadian value system and my Canadian value system. It is a pluralism. I do not conceptualize multiculturalism as strongly as I see the concept of a pluralistic society. A pluralistic society in my opinion means I live a pluralist existence, very comfortable in switching to my traditions and my values. When I go out and encounter the world, I can be equally as comfortable as a Canadian. In my opinion, this is the one freedom: this is the only country in the world where I can exercise that comfortably and encourage my children to exercise it, and that is multiculturalism. It is seeking the best of the value systems that we have.

How would you like to see Canada in the future?

I would like to be able to see an Indo-Canadian become Prime Minister of this country someday, and not just by being elected by Indo-Canadians, but elected as an individual. And I believe this can happen. That is the future I would like to see in Canada.



International forum

Power Struggle in Bangladesh

A. Rahim

The state of Bangladesh was born in in blood ten years ago. The trauma of the 1971 civil war has left a profound impact on all levels of life. Since the inception of the country, no powerful bloc of civilian politicians has emerged to consolidate its power. As a result, the armed force, as a cohesive organization, has come to play a decisive role in the country's politics. At the same time, the army itself is divided between a highly politicized right and left. The fatal shooting of Major General Ziaur-Rahman (known as Zia) on May 30, 1981, was the result of a long dispute in the army over the last six years. The history of this dispute is rooted in the country's politics that led to the assassination of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman in 1975, the first president and the prime minister of the country.

Bangladesh: Mujib's fiefdom

Bangladesh, formerly known as East Pakistan, has an area of 55,598 square miles and a population of about 90 million, making it one of the most highly populated countries in the world. Before the British colonized Bengal in 1757, it had developed a well-integrated and balanced economy in conjunction with agriculture and a cottage industry. But gradually all of South Asia, including Bengal, was made a protected market of cheap goods from England. British rule in South Asia brought total destruction to the indigenous economy of the region and turned it into one of the most backward areas in the world. Following the partition of the subcontinent in 1947, India and Pakistan emerged as two independent nations. The area that is now Bangladesh became East Pakistan. From a geographical point of view, Pakistan had appropriately been called "two nations". The geogrpahical area of Pakistan comprised 365,529 square miles (East Pakistan with 55,126 square miles and West Pakistan with 310,403 square miles).

Reprinted from *Far Eastern Economic Review*, July 19, 1981.

This geographical curiosity was also a political monstrosity. It was not an auspicious beginning for a nation with two wings separated by a foreign territory of over a thousand miles, and also divided by language, custom, habit, diet and ethnic composition. Amid these diversities, there were two uniting factors: Islam and the Indian threat. (One may also count the Pakistan International Airlines and the English language). During two decades of union, East Pakistan was subject to the heavy burden of industrialization and capital development of West Pakistan (now Pakistan). It has been estimated by Western scholars that since 1947, the total transfer of capital from East Pakistan to West Pakistan amounted to 2.6 billion U.S. dollars.

An increased discriminatory policy coupled with the cultural subjugattion of the central government paved the way for the emergence of Bangladeshi nationalism. This political force was spearheaded by Sheikh Mujibur Rahman (known as Mujib) and his political party, the Awami League (the People's League). When East Pakistan separated and became the indpenendent nation of Bangladesh in 1971, Mujib became the first Prime Minister of the country. Until his assassination in 1975, Mujib virtually dominated the political scene of the country. His style was uncaring; his party, the Awami League, became the most corrupt political party in the country. He was surrounded by sycophants. Essentially, he created a patronage system in which the government's business and political action began to depend upon his own will. Politically, he was a magician; economically, he was a disaster.

By mid-1974, Mujib and his sycophants had bankrupted the country. As a result, the nation plunged into a severe famine in which thousands of people perished. In the wake of the fast sinking economy and total chaos that followed, Mujib declared an emergency, suspended all civil liberties and banned all opposition parties. Bangladesh became a one-party state. Mujib became a dictator. Thousands of people were incarcerated, Rakkhi Bahini, a paramilitary force was created, with Mujib's personal endorsement, it unleashed a reign of terror in the countryside, that could be compared only with the days of 1971, when the military junta in Pakistan imposed its rule on the people of Bangladesh.

On August 15, 1975, his regime was overthrown by a military putsch organized by a group of junior commission officers who ran afoul of Mujib and his family. At first this coup d'etat was believed to be an isolated action,

with no connection to other social groups in the country. Later, it was revealed that the country's security forces had actively collaborated with the junior commission officers to overthrow Mujib. Most of the leading security officers were alleged to have been trained by the CIA, which openly expressed hostility against the creation of Bangladesh in 1971. One of the leading civilian collaborators was Mushtaq Ahmed known as an American sympathizer in the Awami League. With the alleged active help of Henry Kissinger in 1971, he and Pakistan's ruling junta tried to resolve the Bangladesh crisis, but failed. There is some concrete evidence to support the view that CIA was actually involved in the assassination of Mujib.

The Three Majors From West Pakistan

Following Mujib's assassination, a pro-Mujib element in the army staged a counter-putsch spearheaded by Brigadier Khaled Musharaff. He arrested the army chief of staff, Major-General Ziaur Rahman. There were rumours that Khaled was about to invoke the Indo-Bangladesh Friendship Treaty signed by Bangladesh and India in 1971, and invite the Indian army to intervene on its behalf. This unscrupulous policy signalled a popular army rebellion in Dacca garrison, known as the *sepoy biblop* (soldiers uprising). According to Lawrence Lifschultz, this *sepoy biblop* was organized by retired Colonel Tahir.

Colonel Tahir had had a checkered career in the amry. In 1971, the Major Tahir and two other majors -- Mohammed

Ziauddin and Manzur Ahmed -- escaped from Pakistan, made their way through India, and joined the liberation war in Bangladesh. During the post-liberation period all three majors were to play a significant role in the political development of Bangladesh. Each had had a brilliant career in the Pakistan army, and, Tahir's was the most illustrious of all. He was an honours graduate from the Special Forces Officer Training Institute, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, specializing in the counter-insurgency. At the time of his escape he had been assigned to an elite para-commando force in the Pakistan army. He was the only Bengali officer to be awarded a Maroon Parachute Wing, and he had also been awarded the Ranger Award by the Ranger Training Command, Fort Benning, Columbus, Georgia. During the liberation war, he was severely wounded and lost a leg. It was during the war that he had the opportunity to work closely with senoir officers such as Ziauddin, Manzur Ahmed, and Ziaur Rahman.

At that time, Tahir also developed an ideological working relationship with Ziauddin. Both appreciated the role of the rag-tag Mukti Bahini (Liberation Front) in repelling the foreign aggression. In 1972, both Tahir and Ziauddin were appointed as commanders of the most powerful Commilla and Dacca garrisons in the country respectively. These assignments gave them an opportunity to implement the theory that they espoused in a concrete way during the liberation war. Both believed that a poor country like Bangladesh could not afford to maintain a conventional army which is too costly in resources and becomes a burden to the nation. Instead, they reasoned the army should be productive. The armed forces in Bangladesh should engage in social reconstruction rather than spending time in the garrisons. The army should produce its own food and provisions. Each officer and soldier should be treated equally and should contribute productive labour for a certain amount of time each day. Because of their radical philosophy, both Ziauddin and Tahir were known as "Red colonels".

The concept of the productive army which was new to South Asia soon ran into trouble with Mujib and the existing political forces he headed. Both Ziauddin and Tahir were fired from the army. Ziauddin soon went underground and joined the Sharbohara Dal (Proletariat Party). Tahir worked for an autonomous government organization for a while then quit. It was later revealed that he secretly joined a left-wing political party, the Jatiya Samajtantarik Dal (JSD). The party, which grew out of the Awami League in 1973, remained controversial. However, it succeeded in

Reprinted from *Far Eastern Economic Review*, July 19, 1981.

infiltrating the army, and established a secret military wing, the PRA (People's Revolutionary Army), with the army in Dacca. It was reported that Tahir was the brain behind such an organization.

Major-General Manzur Ahmed, then a colonel, was also experiencing problems with Mujib's regime. Politically, he was conservative and although he had little sympathy for the concept of the productive army, he became a vocal critic of Mujib. In 1974, he was in charge of the movement of food and grain in the country after a severe famine in North Bangladesh, in which thousands of people perished. It was reported that several members of the ruling Awami League part--- including Mujib's brother Sheikh Nasser and a newphew, Elias Chowdhury -- were arrested by one of Manzur's units for alleged involvement in smuggling food across the border to India. All of the alleged criminals were set free by Mujib. This was too much for Manzur, and became disillusioned with Mujib. In disgust, he went on diplomatic assignment to the Bangladesh High Commission Office in New Delhi. There he tired unsuccessfully to recover nearly four divisions of arms, which India had removed from Bangladesh as war booty. At the time of Mujib's assassination he was in New Delhi.

No sooner had Khaled taken over power than he ran into trouble. He failed to obtain allegiance from the Dacca garrision. He was suspected of wanting to make Bangladesh another state of India. At this juncture, the *sepoy biblop* broke out in the Dacca garrison and later engulfed the whole city.

Reprinted from *Far Eastern Economic Review*, July 19, 1981.

On November 3, 1975 the capital city Dacca capitulated to the soldiers and crowd. The PRA distributed hundreds of leaflets, demanded the abolition of rank, and singled out officers as the real enemy of the people. The *sepoy* appealed to the people to join them as a united front against the common enemy, the officer class. This was the way paved for a revolutionary government in Bangladesh.

Tahir, in his bid to capture power through the PRA developed a double strategy: to dislodge Khaled from power and rescue the army chief of staff, Major-General Ziaur Rahman (Zia). The question that remains is why Tahir decided to rescue Ziaur Rahman, who was never a progressive person, and ideologically represented the same forces as Mujib. The answer is both simple and complex. It is simple in that Major-General Ziaur Rahman, as the commander of the Eighth East Bengal Regiment in Chittagong in 1971, led a revolt against the central government. For a brief period, his regiment captured the port city of Chittagong. Here he made the historic announcement of indpeendence from Pakistan over Chittagong Radio. He was undoubtedly popular among the rank and file of the army. Also, in the military putsch that led to the assassination of Mujib, Zia's role remained controversial. The answer is complex in that Tahir, being aware of the history of the Bangladesh army wanted to exploit Zia's popularity to gain ascendency in the power structure. And then Tahir planned to launch his PRA and mass organizations such as the JSD to capture power. Parallels can be drawn between his planned strategy and that of Nasser, who used the popularity of General Nagib to gain ultimate power in Egypt, after King Faruk was overthrown in 1954.

But Tahir's coup de grace was never realized. As soon as Ziaur Rahman was released from house arrest by Tahir, he moved quickly and savagely. He ordered the arrest of all leading cadres of the JSD including Tahir. There was a swift and summary trial in which Tahir was found guilty of sedotion and treason, and was sentenced to death. This was the first time in Bengal since 1911 that a political prisoner was sentenced to death.

Leadership from Above

Zia's concept of leadership ran contrary to the existing political norm in Bangladesh. His political guru was not Bengali, but modelled on the most successful military dictator of Pakistan, Ayub Khan (1958-1969). After becoming Chief Martial Law Administrator, in order to consolidate his power, Zia recalled Manzur Ahmed from New Delhi and appointed him as chief of staff of the army. Dissatisfied with just military backing, he decided to launch his own political support in the country, starting gradually from the village level to the top, after the model of Ayub Khan in 1959. Zia and his civilian technocrats then launched a village-oriented development programme, generously financed by the U.S. government, and succeeded in creating his power base at the rural level. His political party, the Bangladesh Nationalist Party (BNP) consisted of people from other political parties whose common bond was the desire to become rich quickly. Like a lot of other military officers, Zia saw politics in terms of black and white. His political style was simple to buy off the opposition through bribery. His system of patronage and pay-offs created an extortionist political culture which branched out through all levels of society. His authoritarian leadership also hampered the growth of leaders within his own party.

Major-General Manzur Ahmed had political differences with Zia over many issues, such as nepotism, corruption within the BNP, and granting special privileges to Bangladeshis who actively collaborated with the Pakistan government in 1971. He was also dissatisfied with the handling of opposition political elements and the counter-insurgency against the people of Chittagong Hill, who were demanding more autonomy from Dacca. Personally, he opposed the mass executions following an abortive coup in 1977. Political observers believe, however, that these differences were not sufficient to cause Manzur to move against and assassinate Zia on May 30, 1981.

It seems from the outset that the coup was organized in an ad hoc manner and indecisive way. Manzur was considered to be one of the most brilliant staff officers in the army. Some observers believe that if he had been involved directly with the coup, the result would have been different. It is not known who killed Zia or why, and whether there is any connection between his death and Manzur.

In the recent past, factionalism and nepotism in the army have reached alarming proportions. The army in Bangladesh is composed of the Mukti Bahini and repatriated soldiers and officers who were stranded in Pakistan during the liberation war of 1971. The Mukti Bahini bore the main brunt of the Pakistan army, and because of the profound impact of the war, has thus become highly politicized. The repatriated soldiers and officers on the other hand, never participated, in the liberation. They were far away and never emotionally experienced the traumas of the civil war. They may also have resented the fact that the Mukti Bahini took the credit for liberating Bangladesh, credit which is not deserved. When Zia became the President and particularly after an unsuccessful coup in 1977 that led to mass executions, which were condemned by Amnesty International, he became very suspicious of the Mukti Bahini element in the army. He promptly demoted Major-General Manzur from the position of the Chief of Staff and appointed him garrison commander at the port city of Chittagong. He then appointed a repatriated army officer, Lt-General Ershad as the army chief of staff. After that the repatriated officers moved quickly and occupied all the commanding positions in the army. Most menacing of all is the fact that the Defence Force Intelligence (DFI), the military intelligence service, was captured by repatriated officers and headed by another one, Major-General Mohabat Jan Chowdhury. In other words, the repatriated officers have extended their power in the army establishment, much to the dismay of the Mukti Bahini. Amidst this power struggle there was another attempt made by some disgruntled officers to topple the regime of Zia in the "June 17 Coup" of 1980. In mid-March, 1980 the Military tribunal at army headquarters in Dacca held trials of the alleged plotters of the June coup; the army prosecutors asked for the death sentence. The coup leaders were from the Dacca garrison and all of them had been decorated for their gallantry in the liberation war. There was wide speculation in the local newspapers that the DFI, with the blessing of Zia, was bent upon annihilating the Mukti Bahini element in the army and that the trials were merely a ploy towards that end. Manzur always opposed these trials; he also vehemently objected to further purges in the army by the DFI. On the eve of Zia's assassination it is clear that the army in Bangladesh was split in two.

The assassination of Zia might have been carried out by right wing offciers in the army. There is even speculation that there may have been a link between the August coup of 1975 and the assassination of Zia in May 1981. The subsequent collapse of the coup and the murder of Manzur have cast a deep cloud over the assassination that took place in the early hour of May 30, 1981 at the port city of Chittagong. Perhaps one day we will know the whole truth. But in the meantime in Bangladesh, the right wing army officers have firmly consolidated their power. The real struggle is yet to come. More agonizing days are in store for the people of Bangladesh.

Community News

SIKH YOUTH BAISAKHI

In India, the celebration of Baisakhi takes place on April 13; but, in Toronto this year, it was organized on April 11 to accommodate the time commitments of all the quests.

For the sikhs, Baisakhi has a special meaning because Guru Gobin Singh -- the tenth religious leader and teacher of the Sikhs -- founded the Khalsa (a group to fight injustice) on this day in 1699.

Baisakhi is celebrated by farmers in the province of Punjab (India) on the first day of the harvest. Under moonlight, young men gather and participate in a colourful and lively folk dance.

The festival here in Toronto was organized by the Sikh Youth Association and the Riverdale Intercultural Council. It brought friends and members of these groups together and enjoyed themselves with Punjabi music and songs.

ANTI-KLAN FESTIVAL

May 31 was a beautiful sunny day. In Greenwood Park (Toronto), a festival of unity was held to show that the KKK is not welcome in Riverdale.

The Gayap Rhythm Drummers, the Red Berets, the Pelican Players, the No Frills Band, etc. contributed their talents in music, songs, and stories to the festival. An exhibition of KKK activities was set in which various KKK own publications were displayed. Several literature tables were arranged and food and drink were served.

It was attended by roughly a thousand persons from within and without Riverdale. Hundreds of participants marched to the KKK headquarters on Dundas Strret East and, to the surprise of some marchers, several Klanmen and one Klanwomen were waiting for them. Two of whom were hooded in the traditional KKK costume, and the woman has "White Power" tatooed on her breasts. It was a moment of angry verbal confrontations between the demonstrators and the Klan members and supporters. Policemen were standing between these two groups to keep peace.

The festival was a smashing success and credits must be given to the Riverdale Action Committee Against Racism and its supporters who organized thi event.

CHOPSTICKS

On Saturday, July 4, the Gay Asians of Toronto (GAT) presented *Chopsticks*, an evening of music, dance and drama at 519 Church Street Community Center.

The idea for a fund-raising event for the Right to Privacy Committee was first introduced at one of the GAT bi-monthly meetings shortly after the Feb. 5 gay both-house raids. After some research and planning, *Chopsticks* slowly emerged.

GAT felt that it was important not only to raise money but also to voice unity with other gay brothers and sisters. The group also wanted to become more visible in order to demystify racist stereotypes and to share with the audience both the differences and common oppression that come from being gay and Asian in Canada.

The evening was informal and earnest and was warmly received by a supportive audience.

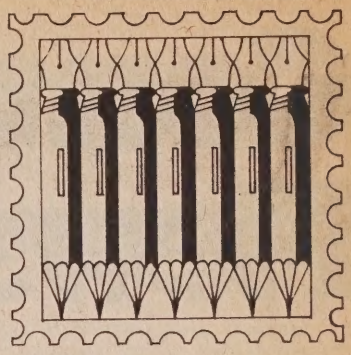
ANOTHER ANTI-KKK EVENT

The KKK headquarters had moved from Dundas St. E. to 15 Springhurst (Toronto) this summer. In response to this move, the Parkdale NDPers had organized a demonstration which was participated by roughly two hundred persons on August 15, 1981.

The purpose of the demonstratioon was to show that the Klan is not welcome in Parkdale.

As they marched down Springhurst, the marchers' slogans -- "For a Strong Parkdale" and "No Nazis, Kick out Klan" -- were met by a handful of Klanmen who yelled "White Power" and "White Supremacy" among other utterances.

Letters



Gentlemen,

I read *Asianadian* from its inception and found it a very interesting magazine most helpful in understanding Asian cultures and social problems faced by Canadians of Asian origin.

The last issue however (v. 3, No. 3, April 1981) contains an article by Maryka Omatsu "The Rise and Fall of the Ku Klux Klan" which contains completely false information. If the author would have *any knowledge* of history or make even a superficial investigation of facts before stating that the first Ku Klux Klan den was founded by Count Pulaski, a Pole, would realize that it is not only a slanderous untruth but a historical impossibility, Casimir Pulaski, a Polish and American hero and fierce fighter for everybody's freedom was killed in 1779. He w not married and had no children. The first Ku Klux Klan den was founded 86 years later in the *city* named after him. All this information is readily available in *Encycleopedia Britannica*...

I intend to believe that the information given is a result of the author's ignorance. However this type of "mistake" does not help inter-group relations and tarnishes the name of innocent people. I expect therefore a correction of facts published in the next issue of *Asianadian*.

Yours sincerely,

Marie Zielinska
(Mrs.)

Dear Editors,

In your editorial of April 1981 you summarize my article on the Ku Klux Klan in the same issue as saying that harassment of the Klan by the state would be more effective than legal banning of this racist organization. Since this is not my position, I would like to set the record straight.

My article summarized the history of the Klan to show that it has roots in deep seated racist attitudes in society which are encouraged among other things by economic conditions. To think that there is some single, simple solution to the problem of organized racism that the Klan represents is a delusion. Legally banning the Klan will not *alone* eradicate it or similar organizations. In addition to forcing the government to make the Klan illegal I suggested that there should be a campaign to make the government use every legal mechanism at its disposal (in the article this was misprinted to read "illegal") to harass the Klan. Let the state turn its well tuned machinery for this purpose toward those who deserve it. In addition to these sorts of measures I also listed several others, for example, working to provide equal opportunities in employment, housing and services; pursuing anti-racist educational campaigns in the schools and the media; running anti-Klan candidates in local elections and exposing pro-Klan candidates and officials in government, the civil service, and the police. Racism requires a more sophisticated response than simply trying to pull the carpet over the dirt.

May I take this opportunity to correct an erratum that appeared in this article. There it was erroneously reported that the Klan was founded by Count Pulaski. This should have read that the Klan was founded in Pulaski, Tennessee, a city named after the Count.

Yours very truly,

Maryka Omatsu

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